

Our Fourfooted Friends

and How We Treat Them

EDITED BY MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH

Published Monthly

Publication Office, Rumford Building, Concord, New Hampshire

Editorial Office, 51 Carver Street, Boston, Massachusetts

ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE

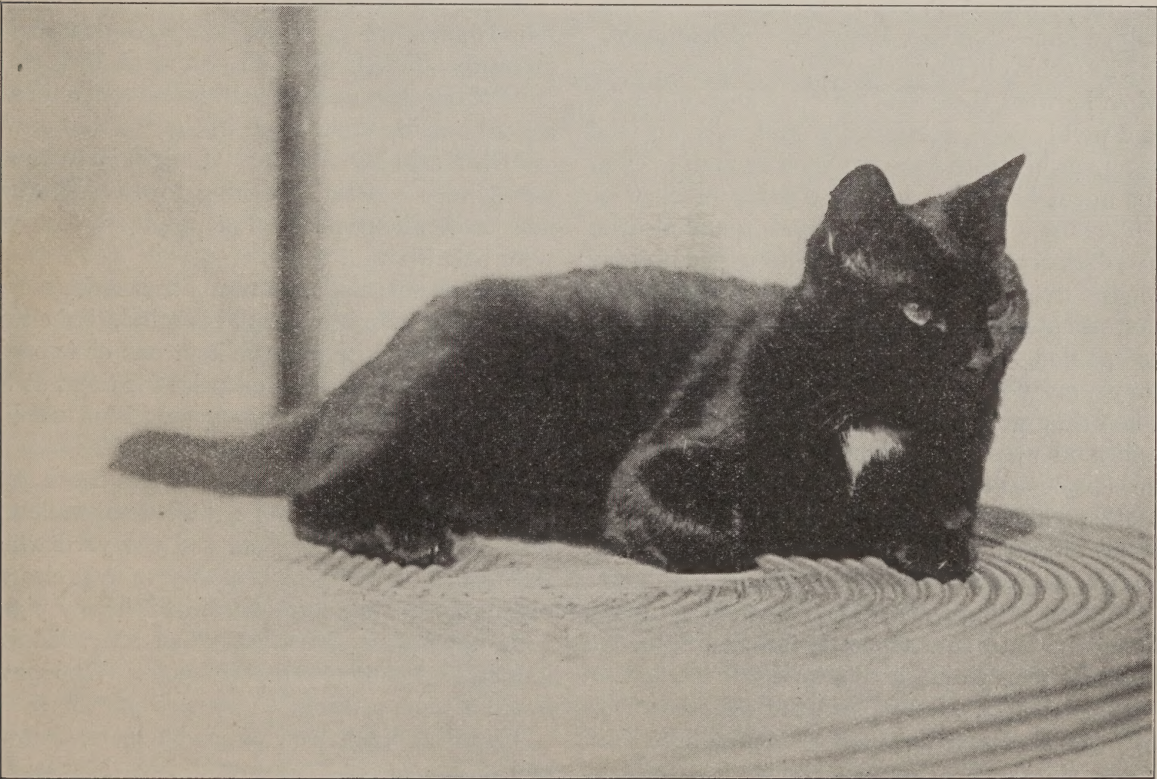
Yearly Subscription: 75 Cents

To Foreign Countries: \$1.00

*Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, New Hampshire, under the Act of March 3, 1879
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 27, 1922*

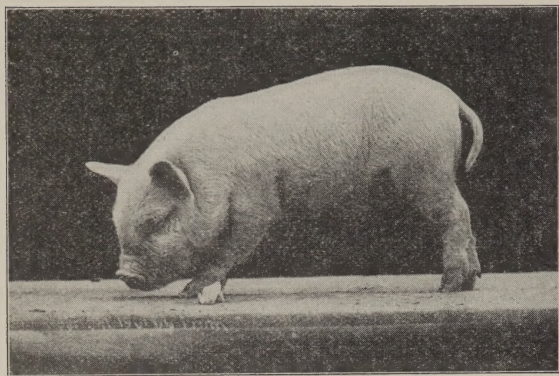
CONTENTS

Lights and Shadows of Humane Work	2
League News and Notes.....	6
Letters.....	9



HANNIBAL—A HAPPY CAT

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF HUMANE WORK



Happy Pigs

SEQUEL TO "THE FARMER'S BOY."

It was a year since James Fenton came to live with Farmer Manser and during that year James had been the means of a great improvement on the farm, thanks to the three good spirits that helped him—Courage, Patience, and Kindness.

The feeble old horse that was so thin and weak when he went there was quite fat and contented in a well-bedded, comfortable stall, with his food cut up as his teeth were not good enough to chew the uncut hay; also, he had a warm blanket for winter use. The dog that James found tied up in a dark corner of the barn, whining and begging for the freedom that every dog loves and needs, now ran about the farm and was James' constant companion. The cows were contented now that they were not kicked or struck if they moved when they were being milked. They gave more milk and were not nervous. Their calves were no longer sold and carried away from their mothers when they were too little and feeble to stand. So all the animals on the farm were happy, and that made James happy.

But James' happiness did not last long. When he got back to Mr. Manser's farm on Saturday after his visit to his home, he was eagerly welcomed by Mrs. Manser and the children; even Mr. Manser seemed pleased to see him back, and as for the dog, he jumped and barked for joy. The old horse whinnied a welcome when he went

into the barn and he was sure the cows knew him and were glad to see him by the way they turned their heads and looked at him with their large, soft eyes.

Then James heard an unusual sound like the grunting of a pig. It sounded under his feet. "What's that?" he exclaimed. "Pigs," said Mr. Manser. "Don't you know a pig when you hear him grunt? I thought you were a farmer's boy! I've bought a couple of young pigs—want to see them?"

James was too surprised to reply, but he followed Mr. Manser, who went through the barn, out a back door, and down a bank, where underneath the barn was a large dark cellar. A little light came through the doors that were open into the cellar. Across the doors was a low fence to keep the pigs from running out of the cellar. One little sunbeam had managed to find its way over the fence into the cellar and in that narrow beam of sunshine two little pigs had stretched their necks, showing how much they were longing for the sunlight.

James looked but said not a word. When he found James did not speak, Mr. Manser said, impatiently, "Well, what do you think of them?"

"I think they need a clean house to live in and a yard outside their house in the sun and air."

"Oh!" said Mr. Manser, "I might have known you'd have a little preaching to do. What do you know about pigs? I kept pigs before you were born!"

"I know this," James answered, calling Courage to help him speak his mind, "when my father was well, we always kept one or two pigs and my father got the first prize for them at the fairs that were held every year. Men used to come to him for miles around to buy his pigs because he always kept them so clean and they were so healthy. He did not let them wallow in filth. The house for them and the yard where they could exercise and lie in the sun were cleaned every day. They were contented, happy pigs."

"Happy pigs! Haw, haw," said Mr. Manser, laughing loudly—"Happy pigs! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

Then James called on his good helpers, Courage and Patience, and answered Mr. Manser by asking him a question, pleasantly: "Mr. Man-

ser, don't you know that everything that lives, *everything* that has life given it, can be happy or unhappy, or, if you understand it better, comfortable or uncomfortable? Don't you *know* that these pigs can feel? Why are they trying to get into the sun if it isn't because they feel better and happier and more contented in the sunlight?"

"Why did a pig that my father sold break out of his sty and find his way back to my father's farm if he wasn't homesick?"

"Just wait a minute, please!" James ran back into the field and rapidly pulled the fresh grass until he had got quite an armful, then ran back to the sty where Mr. Manser still stood gazing moodily at the pigs.

James dropped the fresh, cool grass into the sty and called, "Come, piggies," and almost before he could utter the words the little pigs were on their feet eating the grass as if they were half starved.

"Pigs love grass," said James. "We used to cut it for them every day and throw it over into their yard—and how they did enjoy it! It did me good to see them.

"My father never gave his pigs that nasty stuff they call swill. He said it was not fit for them to eat."

For a few minutes Mr. Manser stood silent looking at the pigs in the dark cellar. The grass was soon eaten up. He turned away and looked around him. James wondered what he was thinking and dreaded hearing him speak, as he thought he might be angry at the liberty he had taken, but to his surprise and joy the first words were: "I suppose we could fix up one corner of the cellar for a warm house where the pigs could be sheltered in winter and have a run-way built leading from it out into a yard where they could get the sun—what do you think of that, Mr. Preacher?"

James was so pleased that he could hardly speak. He didn't mind it at all that Mr. Manser had called him "Preacher"—all he thought of was that now he could see those little pigs made comfortable and happy.

"That would be fine!" he answered, "and I could almost build it myself if I had the boards. I'd just *love* to do it. When can we begin?"

And Mr. Manser, actually smiling at the eager boy, replied, "I'll get the boards tomorrow."—
A. H. S.

Members and friends of the Animal Rescue League have probably read in our Report that we sent out 54,489 leaflets last year to various parts of this country and across the ocean. I wish that I could print the many encouraging letters we received. The Latham Foundation, which is doing a great deal of good for humane work, for instance, sent word that they read my story, "The Farmer's Boy," to five hundred boys who were deeply interested and adopted the motto in that story for their own guidance. They asked me if I would write a sequel. I have been doing this. Also, I have three other stories that I want very much to put in leaflet form for general circulation—but we haven't the money. I am almost tired of asking for money for our humane educational work. I do not quite understand why more of our members do not take an interest in this department, but I suppose this is because our members and friends do not know how much good it is doing. If any one is inclined to send us something for this purpose, now is the time to do it. These four new stories should be printed soon so that they may be distributed before Christmas. Will not some of our members help us?

A Work of Mercy

We have often thought that missionaries to foreign countries might do a very good work in lessening the suffering of animals. We get very sad accounts of the cruelty shown in many of these foreign places to animals, particularly the beasts of burden. Mrs. Charles Burnett, wife of the military attache of the American Embassy in Tokyo, is doing her part in trying not only to help human beings, but the lower animals as well. She is trying to abolish cruelty and unkindness, in any form, to all living creatures. Mrs. Burnett was personally invited by Prince Tokugawa, president of the House of Peers, to talk before the Pan-Pacific Club on the meaning and aim of "Be Kind To Animals Week." Pamphlets and leaflets were sent from America by request, and

all that could be properly applied to Japan were translated.

Mrs. Burnett is doing an excellent work. We wish that more of the English and American men and women who are sent into foreign countries on political or religious missions would use their influence to advance the cause of humanity.



BARRY, AN ALPINE ST. BERNARD, SENT OVER FROM ITALY WHEN A YOUNG DOG, WAS KEPT CHAINED TO AN outhouse UNTIL PURCHASED BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE LEAGUE

The dogs of the Great St. Bernard Hospice have long been famous for rescue work in the Alpine snows, and they were used once more after the recent avalanche disaster, in which three out of five novices, who were out skiing with five of the monks, were overwhelmed and lost their lives. The dogs were sent for, and, burrowing into the snow, they found the three bodies. One was still warm, but six hours' artificial respiration failed to restore life. The present dogs at the Hospice differ considerably from the original "Barry" breed, especially in their heads and faces, which look more like those of huge bull mastiffs with thick, coarse hair. This is the result of inter-breeding with another strain. The

twelve dogs now at the Hospice live in kennels in the basement, where the temperature is regular.

The original "Barry," who lived 100 years ago and saved scores of lives, is now to be seen, stuffed and mounted, in the Museum at Berne. He came to a tragic end, being shot by a man he had rescued, who, in his delirium, mistook the dog for a wild beast.

"Nobody's Dog" Guards His Dead

BRONX STRAY DRAGS BODY OF SLAIN
POODLE TO SHELTER FROM THE
PITILESS RAIN

A mongrel dog kept watch on the body of its dead mate all night and until it was removed by force yesterday afternoon from East 161st Street, the Bronx. A crowd stood around the spectacle.

In front of the show window of Louis Reinig's tailor shop, at 383, a shaggy dog, a crossbreed of Airedale and collie, had dragged the body of a white French poodle, a female, half his size, which Patrolman Murphy, of Morrisania station, shot the previous evening and left in the gutter. Under the tailor's window ledge the living had taken the dead out of the rain.

"It's something you might never see again," the tailor said. He recommended it as an object lesson in bereavement.

From further down the street came Irving Lebish, who has a pet shop at 392. "Last night the patrolman brought that poodle into my shop with two front legs broken by the wheels of an automobile, and wanted me to fix it up," he said. "There was no license; so I said he had better just shoot it. The patrolman took the poodle across the street from my shop and put a bullet through its head. I noticed this here Airedale-collie mixture sniffing around while we were talking it over. He ran away at the shot, but came back in about twenty minutes and lay down right there in the gutter as I was closing up my shop. He must have dragged that poodle's body about twelve feet during the night to get it out of the rain.

"Neither of those dogs had a license," said Irving Lebish. "They were nobody's dogs. They just had some kind of friendly relations; you know how some animals will come together and like each other."

Irving's brother, Dr. Jacob Lebish, veterinary surgeon, who lives at No. 375, finally took charge of the situation. "I know how to get around these fellows," he said. "I just talk a few dog words to them." He offered food to the mongrel and slipped a leash over his head and spoke to it. "I absolutely will have to drag him away," the veterinarian said. "This is the most unusual thing I have seen in my practice. I've seen a dog stick around a live one, but here a dog lies on top of a dead body to keep it warm all night and till this afternoon. You can see the tears absolutely coming out of his eyes."

When the mongrel was dragged as far as the veterinarian's office at No. 887 Melrose Avenue, however, he walked right in. "He knows there are other dogs around," said Dr. Lebish hopefully. But all the mongrel apparently wanted was the French poodle. Immediately he relapsed. "That dog is heartbroken," said the veterinarian. He sent for the poodle's body to comfort the mongrel, but found it threw him into an agony of whimpering.

"I'm going to get rid of the body right away and then work over this dog," the veterinarian said. "He's well worth taking care of. I'm going to call him Faithful Bob, showing how a dumb animal sticks to his friends."

The Salvation Army is now in the midst of its annual General Maintenance Appeal in Greater Boston. The appeal is for \$137,500 and is being conducted by a group of prominent business and professional men. Sidney S. Conrad, President of Conrad & Co., is chairman.

This appeal, conducted throughout metropolitan Boston each year, supplies the funds for the operation of the twenty-four institutions and departments of the Army in Boston. These include two hospitals, a rescue home for girls, day nursery, slum post, employment bureau, fire and emergency patrol and the other activities in which the Army is engaged.

Colonel Stephen Marshall, commanding the Salvation Army in New England, has issued a general appeal to the people of Greater Boston to ally themselves as partners with the Salvation Army in fighting disease, poverty and sin throughout the coming year.



A Tribute to a Dumb Animal

Peggy was a little Irish terrier, but Peggy is dead and the void left in her family is much more than that felt by the passing of many a human soul. Only a dog, but one that gave the best that a dog could give to show her sense of responsibility in protecting the life and property of her master. Our pet was always ready with a hearty welcome, even if one had been absent from home but a few hours, as the rapid wagging of her tail testified. With the exception of the person with a bundle who might come to the back door, she was friendly to all in the house, expecting to be noticed by strangers and often soliciting a pat or two and a word of praise.

She was always alert to give warning of approaching danger, even though she might appear to be asleep. Once when a dressmaker pointed a pair of scissors at me to cut some stitching, she mistook the movement for an unfriendly attack and showed her innate sense of responsibility by jumping up and nipping her in the arm, then showing her teeth. Ever after the dressmaker was regarded with more or less suspicion, and never wanted to be left alone with the dog.

Showing her teeth had several different meanings with Peggy. She did it not only to express displeasure, but at times to show embarrassment and even great happiness.

Only half an hour before the automobile passed that was the means of ending a happy life of eleven years, she came and looked at me with her great brown appealing eyes and asked in her fashion, by a short bark, if I would please give her

her dinner. She had a way of teasing for anything she wanted by putting her paws on your lap with her head down between them as though she were praying and then gently giving you a poke if you failed to take notice.

I suspect all dogs take advantage when the family are away and Peggy was no exception to the adage, "When the cat's away, the mice will play." She was occasionally found in an easy chair or on a sofa pillow, places she never thought of going to unless left alone. At such times she was reprimanded: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself." One day a member of the family was relating a story of a naughty little girl and finished by saying she told Jane she ought to be ashamed of herself. Peggy, who was beside the speaker apparently unconscious of the conversation, at her last words immediately turned and lapped her hands and face, as if asking for forgiveness. Obviously the dog thought the phrase was meant for her.



This incident led us to wonder how many words a dog knows. How much can a dog understand? It has been my experience that dogs grow in intelligence with every added year of life. Besides the ordinary dog vocabulary, such as "lie down," "come here," "dinner," Peggy understood many short phrases. She knew the difference between "you can go" and "you cannot go" uttered in the same tone of voice. The name of a country house where we frequently go for a week-end was quite familiar to her. If asked if she would like to go there, she would follow me about the house, never for a moment

losing sight of me until she was in the automobile. She probably inferred that certain preparations meant a motor ride, which she adored. She could even distinguish the sound of our car (a Ford too!) from all others, as a quick dash to the window on countless occasions proved.

Peggy had one specialty extraordinary in a dog, that of climbing trees. She could climb any low branching tree to a height of 15 feet or more and must indeed have surprised the cats that went up ahead in order to get out of her way!

She was always in perfect physical condition, and full of activity all the time. When in the country she bounded over the fields so lightly that people often asked, "How old is your puppy?"

Who that loves animals and has known their companionship would not grieve at the passing of such a faithful friend?—*E. G. C.*

LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES

During the month of September the League received 6,084 cats, 1,080 dogs and 57 horses. We placed 81 dogs and 67 cats in good homes.

The cruelty of giving away female cats or dogs is often demonstrated at the Animal Rescue League by the condition in which these animals are brought to us. A member of the League brought in a cat she had rescued from some Syrian children, who had cut both its ears off, and it was certainly in a most miserable and forlorn condition. What children will do when they are not taught kindness or watched by older people few persons would believe who had not seen what the Animal Rescue League agents see in these suffering animals that are brought to us. It is no wonder that the League is not willing to place female animals in homes or to put kittens where there are small children.

Two humane little boys of South Boston, when they found there were two kittens deserted that must be taken care of, put them in their cart and brought them all the way to the Animal Rescue League, asking us to take them.

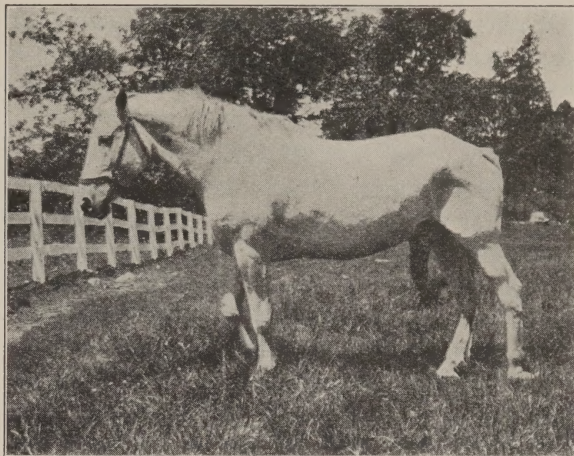
The danger of putting out cans in which there has been fish or meat has again been illustrated by a dog being found howling most dismally with his head fastened in a salmon can. The Animal Rescue League was notified, but before our agent got there some one had managed to assist the dog in freeing himself from the can. It is so easy for one to pound a can down flat at the mouth when it is empty that it would seem as if every one might do it, as so often there is great suffering, and even death, to dogs and cats because of these cans being thrown out so carelessly.

We have been investigating complaints we have received about the pigeons on Boston Common. There are boys, and possibly men, who have been going to the Common and managing to trap these pigeons in some way. Then they seize them, put them in a bag or their pockets, and carry them off. We have notified the police and they are on the lookout for these pigeon thieves. One has already been caught and we hope that others will be found, or, at any rate, that this mean and cruel business will be stopped.

We were notified that in the Broadway Kennels on the Newburyport Turnpike dogs were kept in kennels without any shelter from the weather. When our agent went to this place he found no animals unprotected. The few dogs that were there had an awning over their heads, but conditions were not what could be called good. The only comfort is that dogs do not remain unsold for a very long period. However, we wish that no one would buy from these wayside kennels and that they might be done away with.

We had a complaint about a small dog that was kept tied all the time in a back yard. An agent was sent there and the owner of the dog, after being talked to on the cruelty of keeping a dog in this way, agreed to give him up to the League.

A cat, we were notified, was given no care and should be taken away. Our agent saw the owner, who agreed to give up the cat, saying that he did not care for her.



Copy of a letter from Mr. Irwin, our agent on the Cape:

"I am enclosing my report. There were a number of cases reported to me that I did not attend to, as they were quite a distance away and it would have been rather expensive to get there. I advised them what to do. There was one very bad case. If I hadn't heard of it, the poor animals would have starved. Some huckleberry pickers had lived in an old camp in the woods and when they left they left one dog, two puppies, and two cats shut up in the camp. They must have been there three days."

Following are some of the cases where Mr. Irwin was able to help:

Four ponies were kept in the hot sun most of the time, with no grain and little hay. Mr. Irwin had a man look after them and now they are getting more to eat and better care.

One horse, very old, with blood spavins, was put to death.

A very lame horse Mr. Irwin has had taken from work for a month and, if he is not better then, he will be put to death.

Two horses with very sore shoulders and backs taken from work until they are better. Also two more with very sore necks are not to be used until they are healed.

One horse, very old and thin, and another, taken from a junk dealer, were put to death.

Two very small calves in open pen in field in rain and sun; no shelter over them, nor floor under them. They had been many days without water. Mr. Irwin got permission to put them to death.

Mother pig and six little ones in open pen with very little to eat. Mr. Irwin persuaded the owner to sell them to some one who will give them good care.

A chestnut mare, about 12 years old, was bought for use by the Militia at Camp Devens during encampment there. The mare was in fair condition, but had been abused so much she had become very vicious and would kick and bite. She sold for \$67.00, and after leaving there was sold in Lawrence, Lowell, Chelsea, three times in Brighton, and at various other places until yesterday she was sold for \$15.00. A man had been arrested the day before for abusing her. We bought her for \$10.00 and humanely put her beyond further suffering.

ANNUAL FAIR

We remind our friends *now* of our Fair, December 5 and 6. Time flies. We hope, if you have not already begun to work for it, that you will not delay. We have ten Animal Rescue Leagues to work for, our headquarters and our nine Receiving Stations, besides our agent on the Cape who finds great need of his work there and could accomplish much more if we could give more money to that section. We could double our educational work, if we had the means provided. We are sending our leaflets, by request, to women who are trying to lessen the great abuse to animals in Europe, Asia, and Africa. We would like one thousand dollars this fall with which to publish over a dozen new leaflets and send them where they are greatly needed. We know from letters we receive that they do much good and are translated into other languages. The teaching of kindness helps mankind as well as his humble associates. Miss Phillips, manager of the Fair, is ready to give out work for the Fair; also, we are ready and glad now to receive articles, money, books, jewelry. Last year the Fair netted us \$10,597.48. This year we have set our mark at \$12,000. Will you not help us reach this goal?—A. H. S.

Judge William H. Smathers of Atlantic City pays this tribute to his dog that he lost in July:

"Man's heart would be saved many a bitter sorrow if men and dogs had the same span of life," the Judge wrote. "Since my dog's death my heart has been so heavy with grief that I have not been able to bring myself to the point of writing or talking about it until now. I cannot understand why the span of a dog's life, man's best friend, is only one-tenth the span of a man's life."

Richard Hardy, former mayor of Chattanooga, Tenn., died August 14, 1927, at the Roosevelt Hospital, New York City, after a short illness from heart trouble. Mrs. Hardy, our readers may remember, was the president of the Humane Educational Society of Chattanooga, and has done splendid work for animals in Tennessee. We regret very much to hear of this bereavement which has befallen Mrs. Hardy, whose work we have long admired, and I am sure all who have known of her will wish to send her a word of sympathy in her trouble.

Mr. Hardy was thoroughly in sympathy with all humanitarian movements, actively supporting Mrs. Hardy in her efforts to organize and carry on the humane society in Chattanooga. His approval was always stamped on humane and charitable projects. His greatness of character is well shown in the following copy of the code of his philosophy of life:

"Grant me the boon of a life that is useful and earnest; the privilege of honest toil and well-earned rest; large-hearted courage to cheer each faithful soul that strongly strives and wins or fails; kindly word and act for those who grieve; eyes to see the beauties that nature paints on land and sky and sea; ears to hear each music voice of life; senses to comprehend the meaning of the eternal plan; the confidence and trust of friends, more dear than glittering wealth or laurels rare or soon-forgotten praise.

"Grant me these, my father's God, and mine, and when my summons sounds from out the sunset skies, I'll go with hastening feet and joyous heart to tell thee my gratitude for life."

LETTERS

ROXBURY, MASS., July 29, 1927.

I have just finished reading the July number of OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS, and while its contents are still fresh in my mind I wish to send word to you of my deep appreciation of this very excellent number, and to speak especially of the article on "Hunting." I am filled with woe to think of that poor deer, pursued so mercilessly, with one eye actually knocked out, and that this frightful atrocity was at the hands of a *teacher* and one of his pupils! It seems almost inconceivable that such a person as this teacher proved himself to be should be allowed to fill the position of "counsellor and guide" to the young.

A short time ago, at a luncheon party at which I was a guest, the conversation happened to fall upon gardening, and one of the ladies present remarked how difficult it was to get her plants and slips to grow, owing to the depredations of the many cats of the neighborhood. "Why, for pity's sake," spoke up another of the ladies present, "don't you put out some poisoned food for them, and kill them off?" At this remark I confess I was simply dumbfounded! That any human being, calling herself a Christian, could for a moment entertain such a thought! And this woman, for many years a teacher in the public schools of Boston, and now married and the mother of grown children, could be guilty of such an atrocity, filled me with dismay. I was too surprised to make any reply for a moment, and courtesy forbade my expressing myself, at such a time and place, as I might otherwise have done. Needless to say, my opinion of that woman was suddenly altered considerably. It is possible that she may have spoken without thinking, and did not mean what she said. At least I hope such is the case. Imagine dishes of poisoned food being left within the reach of cats in this way. No cat should be put to death in such a heartless manner, even were it necessary to get rid of it. And any pet cat of the neighborhood might as readily fall a victim to such drastic measures—perhaps not to die instantly, but to

drag itself around, sick and suffering for days, until the end came. Would it not be well if those applying for teachers' positions in our schools were put to some sort of test in the matter of simple humanity before being allowed to serve as instructors to the youth of the land?

I was particularly pleased with the very touching little story, in the same number of the magazine, entitled "A Dog Missionary." It was charmingly told and certainly a good advertisement for the League—though of course the League doesn't need any advertising, its good work being known everywhere. And I laughed well over that delightful little storiette, "Dinah Rescues the Starling." That, and the pictures and bright verses about "My Dog," added just the gayety and sparkle to make the whole number of the magazine quite perfect, to my thinking. Sometimes I have heard persons say that they did not like to read the humane papers "because they were so depressing—it made them feel so bad they just couldn't stand it!" Of course, by their very nature, such publications *must* contain much concerning the sad side of humane work. That is my reply to such remarks when I hear them. And that, too, is why I try to present, as far as possible, the cheerful side of the picture, and stress the companionability of these little friends of ours, in order to awaken the readers' interest by their intelligence and affection, and their need of our friendship.

My Dickey Dog and the dear littlest puss, Linkey Lankey, are close by as I write, this very hot day. Warm as it is, they try to keep as near me as possible. Little Linkey Lankey (who really is as fat as butter, and should be called Roly Poly, a far more appropriate sobriquet) insists on sharing my typewriter table, and I have hard work to keep him on the chair at my elbow. Dickey D. is lying at my feet—as if I needed a foot warmer on such a day as this! Both look the picture of perfect contentment. And right here let me tell you how changed is this same Dickey D. from what he was when I first took him from the League, two years ago. For some time, you may remember, he seemed quite a hopeless case. We have taken infinite pains with him, and he is now an entirely different creature in all ways. Oh, how he has softened!

He is a perfect little lamb, and so intelligent! We love him dearly, and I know that our affection is fully reciprocated in his strangely quiet and undemonstrative way. But we have had many proofs of his constancy and loyalty—are having them all the time. Both these dear creatures seem to be of a literary turn of mind, and prefer the library to any other room in the house. Ah, canny beasties that they are, I suspect "there's a reason," as they say about Grape Nuts! And big, fat, furry Fiddle, our handsome tabby, also loves this enchanted place, and will park here for hours, on my Webster's Unabridged—the pedant!—gazing at me with big owlsh eyes, and purring a happy little song to the accompaniment of my typewriter.—*L. C. P.*

NEWTON HIGHLANDS, MASS.

We received your card and are glad to be able to tell you we are well satisfied with the dog. He is a great favorite with the children and is very clean and intelligent. Thanking you for your kindness in asking for him.—*F. W. A.*

PLYMOUTH, MASS., July 17, 1927.

I am very happy to write you concerning the collie that I took from your care. He is growing very fast, is happy, and we all love him. I have had him looked at by a specialist on dogs who states that he is a thoroughbred.—*P. C.*

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., July 7, 1927.

In reply to your request would say the Airedale No. 5889 taken on May 27 has proved to be most satisfactory. He is a fine watch dog, wonderful with the children and we all love him. He seems most contented and at home and is the children's constant companion.—*F. S. N.*

MALDEN, MASS., July 1, 1927.

I want to write you a few lines in regard to the kitten we took from your headquarters May 28. We are more than pleased with the little fellow and we feel he is a remarkable kitten. He has all the virtues—a few of which one is fortunate to find in any one cat—namely, intelligence, neatness, gentleness, and affection. One way in which he shows his intelligence is his manner of let-

ting us know that he appreciates his good home—and that one must see to understand.—*B. G. A.*

DORCHESTER, MASS.

In reply to your inquiry, I wish to say that the little cat, a spayed female seven months old that we brought from the League June 27, is a darling and a joy. We named her Nancy Lee, she is so dainty and sweet, but one of us will call, "Baby, dear," and another will say, "My little pet," and she responds impartially and contentedly to all. She spends the most of these summer days on the big roofed porch, in a rocker or the Gloucester hammock, when she is not on an enthusiastic chase after her own tail. She will eat whatever we give her from the table, but is an ardent vegetarian. Show her a string bean and she gets right up on two dainty little white feet and does a toe dance. She is altogether dear and we love her.—*Mrs. E. P. O.*

EAST WALPOLE, MASS.

I am more than pleased with my good fortune in having such a wonderful cat. He is perfectly contented and is no end of joy to us. Thanking you for the courtesy that was shown and the helpful suggestions you gave me, I wish you every success.—*S. B.*

WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.

In reply to your card of inquiry about the kitten I received from the League, I want to say that he is just about perfect and that we are all in love with him. When it comes to neatness, playfulness, and good looks, he just can't "be beat," and I know if he could talk he would say that he is very happy in his new home.—*A. M. G.*

BOSTON, MASS.

The kitten we took and that you inquire about is a perfect darling, clean in his habits. He has grown twice the size he was and is well and happy. He has a box with a soft cushion on which he sleeps. He is a joy—most amusing with a newspaper, for he gets in it, under it, on top of it, and skates around on the polished floors most entertainingly. We are all very fond of him.—*M. F.*

BOSTON, MASS.

Your inquiry addressed to Mr. John Carlin of the above address is duly received and it is with real pleasure we make the following report. The cat, Julius Caesar, as we have officially baptized him, is getting on in fine shape. He eats well, sleeps well, and departs himself in a manner creditably to his historic namesake and his present literary surroundings. Being a good mouser he has freed the premises of all rodents big and small. He is a home-loving and friendly animal, and, living up to our modern laws of hygiene, he is scrupulously clean and of sleek and trim appearance. He is not overfond of work and dislikes the radio, but as such peculiarities are almost human we naturally approve these traits. That he has not forgotten his old home and friends at the Rescue League is proven by the fact that frequently we find him in pensive mood sitting on a favorite volume of Shakespeare's works with a far-away look in his bright eyes. There is much more we could say about Julius, but both modesty and press of business prevent our doing him full justice. We trust, however, you will be pleased with our brief report.—*N. J. B. & Co., Inc.*

BRAINTREE, MASS.

On April 15 I received from you a small kitten about one month old. It has always been contented and happy, eats heartily and plays every minute when awake. It is one of the cleanest kittens I have seen and is very bright and intelligent. At the same time I took the kitten from you I received another of about the same age from a friend who wished to dispose of a small kitten that was too nice to put to sleep. I have two girls and each wanted a kitten. They named the first kitten Bob and the other Bill. I defy you to find a happier couple than Bob and Bill. They eat and sleep together and romp all over the house. I have a large yard and they love to go out in the grass and chase each other in and out among the plants and climb over the veranda rails. One minute it seems as if they will chew each other to pieces and the next they are loving each other. They have never been ill for a minute and are so happy from morning till night.—*Mrs. G. W. S.*

DEDHAM, MASS.

The cat which I recently took from you is very well and appears to be most contented with his new home. He is very affectionate and well mannered and I am more than pleased with him.—*M. H.*

BOSTON, MASS.

With reference to your inquiry about the kitten which we received from the League, we are glad to say that he is very contented and happy, and I may add, very, very frisky. He has grown a lot.—*G. B. K.*

SCOTTTDALE, GA.

I received your card some days ago in connection with dog No. 2821, which I took from Boston. I have had dogs all my life, merely as pets, and with one exception, I count this dog as the best. He is perfectly contented, is a fine pet, a good watch dog, and is fine with children. These attributes are about all I could ask of any dog and it is a pleasure for me to let you know them. He is thoroughly enjoying life. I thank you for your interest in him and wish you good success.—*C. M. C., Jr.*

BRANCH WORK

Margaret C. Starbuck

During the month the following animals have been received:

Industrial School, North Bennet Street..	198
Neighborhood House, 79 Moore Street, Cambridge.....	121
Roxbury Station, 17 Lambert Avenue....	221
Work Horse Relief Station, 109 Northamp- ton Street.....	233
East Boston, 341 Meridian Street	285
Sheldon Branch, West Lynn, Neptune Street.....	1,030
Pine Ridge, Dedham.....	50
Medfield.....	21
Chelsea, 36 Fourth Street.....	999

3,158



FREE CLINIC
DR. WESLEY A. YOUNG

Clinic Report for Month of August, 1927

Cases treated..... 774
Owners advised by telephone..... 636

Dr. Ben. R. Criley, who has assisted Dr. Young during the summer season, has returned to Iowa State College to take up another year of studies. He is seen in the above picture holding Goldie, a stray waif that became so attached to him that he took it along with him to his home.

A man brought a puppy with a broken leg to the clinic. He had found this puppy nailed in a box and thrown alongside a railroad track. After the broken leg was set he asked the charges and, when informed it was a matter of donation, handed Dr. Young a half dollar and said, "Give me a dime for car fare. This is my last fifty cents, but my pup gets taken care of just the same." We surely admire this man's spirit in the matter and hope many people will be more like him in their thoughtfulness to animals.

Medfield Branch

We had an interesting case at the Medfield Branch of a stray dog brought to us by Mr. John

Shive of Dover. We located the owner and learned that the dog had been lost in Lowell three days previous and had strayed way down to Dover. He was very weak and hungry—apparently had not eaten in three days. He enjoyed a good meal at the Bartlett-Angell Home and in a few hours more was back at his master's home.

A large flock of pigeons are making their home in the loft of the stable on the Medfield Branch. First, two came and now there are about twenty-five.

As the cold nights are now approaching you should be very careful of your young dogs, as dampness and chilling lower the dog's resistance to disease and make it very easy for distemper to start.

We have had a number of cases of sore eyes in dogs caused by the pollen and seeds from the weeds. Dogs that run about among weeds should be watched carefully for eye trouble, and often it is advisable after a run to bathe the dog's eyes in a mild solution of boric acid and warm water to clear away any irritants.

Dr. Young was invited to give a talk over the radio. This talk on "The Care and Housing of Animals" was so good that we think it should be published. If my appeal for funds to be used for printing humane leaflets should meet with any success, Dr. Young's radio talk will be put in leaflet form. Meanwhile, although it is rather lengthy for this department of our paper, we will give it here:

Radio Talk

I shall speak on the care and housing of animals—the farm animals as well as the pets.

The essential things for good care and proper housing are: Kindness, good food and proper feeding; clean, fresh water; protection from extreme heat and cold; ventilation and sunlight; which I shall take up in order.

I. Kindness. Kindness bestowed upon an animal is repaid many times by the happiness,

comfort and companionship of our pets, and the owner of the work horse or any of our farm live stock will be repaid for his kindness by a larger financial return, as stock well treated work better, grow better and give more milk, than those that are sick, lame or abused.

II. Good food and proper feeding. The animal to be happy, work hard or fatten must have clean, wholesome food. Cattle and horses need hay free from weeds, dust, feathers, etc. The grain should be free from dust, rust, smut, weed, seed or stones. Vary the amount of grain for horses according to the amount of work being done, and when a hard-worked horse is to rest up for a few days you must reduce the quantity of grain being fed in order to avoid a diseased condition termed azoturia or black water.

Swine should always be fed in clean troughs or on a feeding floor that was washed clean just before feeding. It is a waste of food and a filthy practice to feed hogs on the ground or in the mud. Give the hog a chance and he will be as clean as any farm animal.

Cattle, sheep and swine eat approximately the same quantity of food day after day, as their life is a daily repetition of the same thing—mainly to grow in size and fatten.

Vary the sort of food given your animals, as a change of food keeps them in better condition. A warm bran mash for your horse once a week will add to his health and vigor.

In feeding dogs and cats bear in mind that these animals are carnivores, *i.e.*, meat-eating animals. Therefore, meat will form the basis of their diet, supported by milk, whole-wheat bread, raw eggs, well-cooked green vegetables and fish especially for cats. Provide your dog with a large hard bone to gnaw at, as this will help keep his teeth clean and healthy and is an aid to digestion.

III. Clean fresh water is as essential to animals as to humans. Have fresh water accessible to your dog and cat at all times. Horses, cattle and farm animals should be watered two to four times daily, according to the season and the amount of work being done. Permit the farm animals freedom in a pasture or paddock where they may drink water at their leisure.

IV. Protect your animals according to season from extreme heat and cold. In the summer the

small animals should have a run where they may choose either shade or sunshine and likewise the farm animals need cool shady resting places.

In the colder seasons of the year cats usually choose the most comfortable armchair or pillow in the house and sleep there very peacefully. They usually prefer to climb up on something off from the floor to rest. Always permit your cat to get some outdoor sunshine and air even in winter if at all possible.

Large dogs may be kept the year round in outdoor kennels. The smaller house dogs should not be permitted this much exposure. Do not keep your dog indoors part of the time and then expect him to live in an outdoor kennel in cold weather, as this exposure often results in pneumonia or other diseases. The outdoor kennel for the dog should always be dry and free from draughts of air. It is best to have the floor tight and raised a few inches from the ground. Bank earth up to the floor-level outside the kennel to prevent the wind from blowing under the floor.

The opening should be toward the south or east and should be protected by a hanging blanket or an L-shaped board to break away the wind from the interior.

Inside the kennel use straw, excelsior or blankets for the dog to nest in. They like something to curl up in for comfort and warmth. This bedding should be cleaned regularly to avoid vermin, dampness and filth.

Dogs kept indoors need a box with straw or blankets in or simply a bed of blankets on the floor. Never keep your dog in the basement. Basements are nearly always damp, dark, and poorly ventilated. Many a case of rickets has been brought on by dogs being housed in a damp, dingy basement.

Dogs that run away may well be restrained and permitted to exercise by stretching a wire across your lot on which a ring is placed with several feet of chain reaching to the dog's collar. This will permit Rover to run back and forth and to each side. His kennel should be placed near one end where he can go into it as he chooses.

Housing horses and farm animals in winter is very important. A horse cannot rest in a cold, damp stable. His energy is used up to keep warm and his working ability is lessened ac-

cordingly. Stables for large animals should be warm, dry, free from dust, well ventilated, with plenty of windows to permit sunlight to reach the interior. All stables should be so constructed as to freely and quickly drain away to a pit or sump all urine or liquids, and the bedding or straw should be clean and dry. Ventilation of a stable should be systematic with inlets and outlets for air that can be regulated according to the need and never permitting a draught to blow over the animals. Open windows or cupolas are poor ventilators as the wind blows through one minute and not the next. The "King System" of ventilation whereby the air enters in chutes on the side of the stable and is drawn out through boxed tubes to the roof, chimney fashion, will give a steady and even flow of fresh air to the stable. This will prevent frost from collecting on the walls of the stable and keep the air dry and healthy.

Full instructions and plans for installing this system of ventilation may be obtained free by writing to the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., or to the Federal Bureau of Animal Industry at Washington, D. C. The cost of installing such a system is very small and the improvement in your live stock will pay you many-fold for the cost and efforts put forth in making this change.

Swine should be housed either in small portable houses that may be moved easily to a clean place or a large general purpose hoghouse that can be systematically ventilated. The same "King System" is very practical in hoghouses. The hoghouse should never have the floor below the level of the surrounding lot. The floor should be a few inches above this level to avoid surface water running into the pens and also to afford drainage and ease in cleaning out the pens. This cleaning should be thorough and often enough to keep the house really clean and free from vermin.

Sunlight should be admitted through windows in the sides of the building and also skylights. Where large numbers of swine use the same building to sleep in, place low partitions across the floor to prevent the hogs from piling up and smothering or overheating the ones on the bottom of the pile. Never permit old large hogs and small pigs to nest together in the cold months, as in-

variably a number of the small pigs will be smothered to death or crushed by the large hogs.

The lots used for swine should never contain mud holes or "wallows"; these places are breeding places for many diseases. A stream of running water will afford a bathing place for swine that is clean and healthy. In the absence of such a stream build a shallow cement pool and change the water often.

Direct sunlight is our natural source of heat and one of nature's best protections against disease, so permit plenty of sunlight in the stable and allow the animals freedom out of doors on nice sunny days in winter.

Groom your horses daily and do it thoroughly so they are clean. Clean the stable of manure daily and redress with fresh bedding before the horses are put back into their stalls. Dairy cattle should be brushed and kept clean somewhat after the fashion of the horse.

Small animals are usually kept as pets and just remember they appreciate good care and comforts the same as you and I.

To the farmer or owner of live stock your problem is a commercial one. Feed costs you money. This food is turned into working energy in the horse; and meat and milk in hogs and cattle. Abuse, exposure to cold and unhealthy conditions all use up energy and mean a smaller return from the feed you have used and consequently less profit from your business. Kindness to your live stock is essential, not alone from a humane standpoint, but from the dollar and cent standpoint, and that is the thing you stockmen are vitally interested in.

So, in conclusion, I ask every one owning an animal to value his comforts as well as your own and you will surely be well paid for your efforts by the return of affection and companionship of the pet animals and a more substantial profit from the commercial animal.

HARDWARE PAINTS

HIGH GRADE TOOLS : FINE CUTLERY
M. P. WHITE, 23 Eliot Street, Boston, Mass.



Active and Alert When Fed On
Old Grist Mill Dog Bread
IT IS BETTER THAN BEEF

All Food—No Waste. Ask the man
 with the valuable dog—He Knows

Telephone Your Dealer

Potter & Wrightington, Boston

Cemetery for Small Animals

at Pine Ridge, Dedham, Mass., under the management of the Animal Rescue League. The charge for privilege of burial in individual lots is from \$20 up, according to location.

CREMATION

The League now has a crematory where small animals can be cremated. The ashes are delivered to owners or buried at Pine Ridge. The charge for each cremation is \$6. Arrangements for burials or cremations must be made at the headquarters of the Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver Street, Boston. Telephone Hancock 9170.

DOGS AND CATS BOARDED

Mrs. Nicholas Browne, Jr.

CROFT REGIS (Formerly The Park Pollard
 Experimental Farm)

Washington and Gay Streets, Islington
 Cars Pass Door

Tel. Dedham 403-W

P. O. Address, Box 93, Dedham, Mass.

FREE CLINIC FOR ALL ANIMALS

W. A. YOUNG, D. V. M.

ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE

51 CARVER Telephone

Office Hours:

STREET Hancock 9170 9:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m., daily
 3 p. m. to 5 p. m., Sundays and holidays.

SPRATT'S DOG CAKES & PUPPY BISCUITS

Build bone and muscle and keep the dog in fit condition generally. Containing meat and wheat in correct proportions, they provide every essential food element which the dog constitution requires.



When fed dry Spratt's biscuits are an excellent "toothbrush" and hardener of the gums, keeping the mouth in good condition and reducing the risk of pyorrhea.

Write for interesting free book, full of helpful hints on care and feeding of all sizes and breeds. Every dog lover should have a copy.



SPRATT'S PATENT, LTD.

Newark, N. J.

San Francisco, Cal.

St. Louis, Mo.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR

J. S. WATERMAN & SONS, INC. UNDERTAKERS

2326 and 2328 Washington St., adjoining Dudley Street
 Elevated Station.

Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
 Chapel. Extensive salesrooms. City and Out-of-Town
 Service. Carriage and Motor Equipment.



Dr. A. C. Daniels' Medicines

will help you to care for your pets *at home*. A book on the Dog, Cat, or Horse will be mailed you free if you mention this book. These books give symptoms of all ordinary ills and tell

you what to do—they tell you lots of things you should know.

Dr. A. C. Daniels, Inc., 172 Milk St., Boston, Mass.



The Automatic Electric Cage

*The Standard Scientific Method for the Humane,
 Painless and Sanitary Destruction of Animals*

Commended by the highest authorities. Now used by over fifty leading humane societies in this and foreign countries.

For full particulars address

The Animal Rescue League

51 Carver Street

Boston, Mass.

The Animal Rescue League

Organized February 9, 1899

[A wholly independent organization, having no connection with any other humane society in Massachusetts]

Incorporated March 13, 1899

Administration Building Includes Kennels, Infirmary, Receiving Station for Small Animals and Educational Dep't.

51 CARVER STREET, BOSTON

MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH, *President*

MRS. ARTHUR T. CABOT, *Secretary*

MR. FREDERICK J. BRADLEE, *Treasurer*

WORK OF THE YEAR 1926

We received and cared for:

Cats	69,066
Dogs	15,021
Horses	805
Birds	829
Miscellaneous small animals	16
	85,737

Number of horses given vacations	18
Copies of humane literature distributed	87,689



A Free Clinic for Animals

has been maintained for 28 years

DR. W. A. YOUNG, *Veterinarian*

SEVEN MOTOR COLLECTING VANS AND NINE AGENTS

are at work every week day collecting animals

Branch Receiving Stations

ROXBURY	17 LAMBERT AVENUE
NORTH END, INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL	39 NORTH BENNET STREET
SOUTH END	109 NORTHAMPTON STREET
CAMBRIDGE, NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE	79 MOORE STREET
DEDHAM	PINE RIDGE HOME OF REST FOR HORSES
MEDFIELD	BARTLETT-ANGELL HOME FOR ANIMALS
EAST BOSTON	341a MERIDIAN STREET
WEST LYNN	4 NEPTUNE STREET
CHELSEA	36 FOURTH STREET

PINE RIDGE COUNTRY ANNEX AND HOME OF REST FOR HORSES

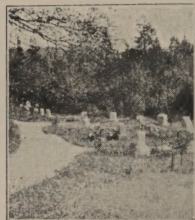
238 Pine Street, Dedham

A farm of twenty-one acres, where horses belonging to owners who cannot afford to pay for board and care, are given vacations of from two to six weeks and restored to condition for work, or humanely killed, also a few boarders received.

PINE RIDGE CEMETERY FOR SMALL ANIMALS

238 Pine Street, Dedham

Arrangements made for burials at 51 Carver Street



For maintaining this work which is constantly increasing, and extends over a wide area into suburban towns and cities, the League, knowing it is a great public benefit from a sanitary as well as humane point of view, appeals for gifts, bequests and members, which are greatly needed.